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ted Erard pianos; yours are the only instruments that I have found either here or in Europe to equal them in all their points of excellence.

"With sentiments of respect and esteem, I am very truly yours, JOSEPH POZNANSKI."

All the Chickering pianos have a characteristic tone, which distinguishes them from all others. It is delicate and refined, and may be described as the *perfection of quality* as distinguished from *quantity*, or *coarse loudness*. The uncultivated ear is at once attracted by a *big tone*. In music as in literature the uneducated generally prefer sound to sense; but this *big tone*, though attractive at first, speedily becomes wiry and harsh, because in the beginning it was deficient in *quality*, and its freshness once gone it has nothing left but *noise*. While the tone which is based upon purity of quality improves for several years, then remains stationary, and is never wholly deteriorated, as can be shown in instruments still extant manufactured by Jonas Chickering forty years ago.

The house of Chickering & Sons, in the face of the most enterprising competition, fully maintains its supremacy. Their manufactory is still much the largest in the world, the number of pianos they turn out weekly in grands, squares and uprights exceeds that of any single manufacturer in America. Their pianos, when brought into close competition with those of any other maker, have always been pronounced superior, and their grand piano, which is the instrument which stamps the supreme reputation of a manufacturer, is always chosen by the world's *acknowledged great pianists* as the only instrument on which they can reveal in the highest degree their skill, imagination and sentiment, and is consequently the Leading Concert Piano in America. Further, the two great points upon which hinge all the present excellence of American pianos, viz., the *full iron frame* and the "*Circular Scale*," are due to the personal genius, ingenuity and skill of Chickering & Sons.

#### HOOK'S NEW ORGAN FOR BROOKLYN.

We copy the following from the New Haven *Palladium*. From it we learn that this magnificent instrument is completed, and is now on its way to its final destination. After its exhibition, which will shortly take place, we shall notice it, in all its details.

BOSTON, April 7, 1866.

Henry Ward Beecher is to have, not a colleague, but a—*rival*. A powerful rival, too; one that is master of the chord that vibrate in men's hearts; whose eloquence is more than mortal, with something god-like in its majesty; who can sigh

"Like the sweet south,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odor,"

or roar like an angry lion; can woo with the sweetest tones of the flute, or blow the warlike blasts of the trumpet; warble like the nightingale, or howl like a tempest; coo with the gentleness of a dove, or thunder forth the anathemas of a Whitfield or Knox; one with the sunny cheerfulness of good old father Haydn, and who also thrills with the stormy struggles that raged in Beethoven's soul. Well for the preacher if his words are as true, and as noble, as firm and convincing as the

"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn,"

from the heart of this new and powerful instrument for good—the Organ that the Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook have just built for Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. It has been heard several times during the week, at the manufactory of the Messrs. Hook, the exhibition room being filled at times to overflowing with invited guests, who testified their warm approval of the merits of the instrument, which is the largest yet built in America—usurping the place hitherto held by our Worcester Organ, which has a greater number of

concert stops, but not the breadth and grandeur of the new instrument. The Organ will be furnished Mr. Beecher's society at the price agreed upon, viz.: \$25,000, which involves a loss to the builders of several thousands of dollars; the Messrs. Hook, with characteristic generosity and enterprise, sparing no expense to make the instrument a perfect sample of their skill. The organ-case, of black walnut, is of tasteful and artistic design—almost stern in its simplicity, but to be surmounted by ornamentation alike graceful and unique. The magnitude of the instrument; its great power; its depth and richness of tone; its ready answer, in all parts, to the touch of the player—all these we can only mention now, hoping again to speak of them more in detail. Mr. Wilcox's playing brought out both the power and sweetness of the instrument, which of course could not be fairly tested in the limited space of the exhibition room. The removal of the organ takes place during the coming week, and it will probably be opened in Brooklyn in the course of five or six weeks.

#### ODE TO SPRING.

Welcome sweet Spring! lov'd time!—Old Winter drear,

With chill and frost and biting Northern blast—  
Unwelcome, spite the log-fires' genial cheer—  
Is gone, for Thou, viewless Iconoclast,  
Breakest his altars and his idols everywhere.

Thou breathest on the earth and lo! the flowers  
Are born of that sweet breath;—change the  
time,  
For sunny smiles tread fast on gentle showers—  
Tears never wept in Summer's riper prime,  
When the hot sun rides high through panting  
hours!—

Thou art compared unto the nascent child;  
The Poets call thee Youth, and paint thee so,  
With flowing robe and tresses floating wild,  
Scatt'ring fair flowers upon the earth below,  
In perfect, joyous beauty, undefiled.

I love thee much for that thou cheerest all,  
Making this earth so like a paradise,  
That those who have the cold world's iron thrall  
Upon their hearts, feel now their spirits rise,  
As though the Future never could appal.

I love thee more, for that, through scenes long  
gone,  
In thy sweet time, I live and move again;  
Each childish sport—each joyous face or tone,  
Or scene, or scent awake from memory's chain;  
Though friends and joys have perished one by one.

Yes I do love thee, for thou usherest in  
The lovers' trysting-time—sweet odorous May!—  
When winds with sweets are sick and murmurous  
din,  
Of busy insects give a voice to-day—  
And trees are clothed, as bare they ne'er have  
been.

I love thee more with every passing year,  
For that thy coming makes my heart grow  
young;  
Thou whisperest a promise in my ear,  
Which erst in Youth and early Manhood rung,  
And filled my heart with trembling hope and fear.

But ever as the Summer comes it dies—  
As some sweet flower which the Spring matures—  
The Form but beams—but flashes on mine eyes,  
And ere possession the sweet dream assures,  
The dreamer wakes, and the fond vision flies!

Still love I thee, Vertumnus, Youth or Spring,  
Childhood of Time—whate'er the name may be  
By which mankind has known thee! I do sing  
A soul-felt, simple poem unto thee,  
And bring my joy of heart as a fit offering.

HENRY C. WATSON.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

A. B.

The darksome Winter days are gone,  
Their dreariness has fled,  
But sadder far the Spring time seems.  
For thou, dear friend, art dead;  
Thy family circle silent sit,  
And all are wrapt in gloom,  
While April winds sad requiems sing,  
In sorrow o'er thy tomb.

The generous hearted, trusty friend,  
Is lying cold and still,  
And bitter tears come welling up,  
Subdue them as we will,  
As, gazing on thy pallid cheek,  
We think how kind and brave  
Was the heart that now lies silent  
In the darkness of the grave.

When last we parted all were gay,  
The laugh went blithely round  
Alas! Thy voice no more I hear,  
But miss its glad sound,  
As standing midst thy household gifts,  
Whom thou had'st held so dear,  
I hear the stifled, heart-sent sob,  
And mark the falling tear.

The grieving father, mother, wife,  
In silent sorrow weep;  
The low winds murmur o'er the fens  
And mourning cadence keep.  
Thy bright-eyed darling leaves her toys—  
Poor orphaned little one—  
And gazing in her mother's face,  
Asks, "Where is pupa gone?"

Oh, sad it is that thus through life  
With loved ones we must part,  
And sad it is to journey on  
With leaden, broken heart;  
While thou, more happy far than we,  
Art called to join the blest,  
"Where the wicked cease from troubling  
And the weary are at rest."

GEO. W. HOWS.

#### LIBER MEMORIALIS.

BY PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

(Continued from No. 25.)

5. *General ripple*.—The commonest condition of a Highland lake, and also, artistically speaking, the most unmanageable, is one of universally prevalent ripple, so strong as not to prolong, but destroy recognizable reflection everywhere. What strikes me as most remarkable in this condition of water, after thousands of observations, is the wonderful seeming insensibility of a surface so rippled to the coloring above and around it. No doubt it is affected in a broad and general way, but it is not always easy to discover the precise result produced on the rippled surface by small quantities of even brilliant colors in sky or on shore. The proof that general ripple is affected is, however,